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With Coloured Plate :
Admiral Jellicoe. | SIXPENCE.

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A HEROIC FRENCH COLONEL LEADING HIS MEN TO THE ASSAULT WITH THE REGIMENTAL FLAG, IN CHAMPAGNE :
A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT THAT SUGGESTS A GROUP OF WAR STATUARY.

If a sculptor desired to embody in a compact group of statuary for a war-monument the spirit of the French *élan* in attack, he could hardly devise a more effective composition than that which the camera has caught in this remarkable photograph. It was taken just as a French regiment were leaving their trenches for an assault, and the figures, thus arrested on the plate at the dramatic moment, are naturally instinct with life and vigour. The commanding officer, Colonel Desgrées du Lou, is

seen holding up the flag (for French regiments, unlike our own, carry their colour into action) to wave his men forward. To the left in the group is the officer who was the actual standard-bearer, Lieut. Lobert; and the nearest man, with rifle in hand, is a man of the *garde du drapeau*. One minute later, the gallant Colonel fell, mortally wounded, at the head of his regiment, in front of the German wire entanglements. His two companions also fell, killed or wounded; but the flag was saved.

THE YACHT PATROL.

(See Illustrations on Page 160.)

A FEW weeks ago we published some sketches illustrating the various activities of vessels belonging to the Motor-Boat Reserve. This week we are able to depict in similar fashion some of the duties which devolve upon the Yacht Patrol. By this general term is designated the whole of that auxiliary service which comprises all yachts and similar vessels taken over by the Admiralty. For purposes of administration it includes all vessels to which a generous interpretation of the word "yacht" can be applied, and the Motor-Boat Reserve now forms a section of it.

As we pointed out on the previous occasion, the naval authorities, upon the outbreak of war, were quick to perceive that in the amateur yachtsmen of this country, and in the considerable number of professional yacht-hands, a large and very valuable field of recruitment was provided. The vast scale upon which the coming warfare, on sea as well as on land, promised to develop called for the employment of every possible reserve, both of men and boats. Not only were motor-boats suitable to undertake minor naval duties invited and obtained, but many owners of yachts, large and small, offered their vessels to the Admiralty, in conjunction with their own personal services and those of their trained crews. Wherever possible, these offers were accepted, and at the present time many of the finest steam-yachts in the world, and some of the largest motor-yachts, are official units of the Navy.

For the most part these auxiliary ships are engaged upon patrol work on the coasts, but, though known as the Yacht Patrol, the service to which they belong discharges several other functions besides that of actual patrol work. Yachts of the largest tonnage are freely employed as hospital-ships, for example, and even comparatively small ones have been used in a similar capacity.

In the all-important work of mine-sweeping the Yacht Patrol has proved of great service, and many an Admiral of Mine-Sweepers, if the phrase be permissible, hoists his flag in a graceful yacht whose builders little thought ever to see her ploughing the winter seas on such a stern quest as the search for the deadly mine.

Smaller yachts, again, are employed in the examination service, their duty being to hold up neutral vessels on whom suspicion falls while the *bona fides* of the latter is inquired into. Others act as escort to transports, supply-ships, and other vessels for which it is deemed necessary to provide some protection while on a voyage.

It is needless to say that the units of the Yacht Patrol bear very little outward resemblance to their old selves under these novel conditions. Only the expert eye, indeed, would recognise them in their war-paint. Gone are the beautiful varnished teak, the snowy decks, and polished brass. Grim guns occupy the room of luxurious deck-chairs; while overhead, stretched between the masts, one may note the apparatus of a "wireless" installation. A rough coat of grey paint besmeares everything, covering up that glistening beauty which was formerly the yachtman's pride. Only the vessel's own graceful lines, which nothing can conceal, remain to suggest her whilom glories.

The officers and men of the Yacht Patrol are drawn from the Royal Navy, the Royal Naval Reserve, and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve; and, of course, in the matter of life on board and the execution of the various duties assigned, everything is carried out according to naval regulations. In some cases the owners themselves act as commanding officers; in others the vessels are officered by amateur yachtmen who hold commissions in the R.N.V.R. There is at least one case of a fine yacht of large tonnage whose crew, from the Captain down to the merest deck-hand, are all men of good family and position.

Frequently a yacht retains the original crew of hands by whom she was manned in bygone peaceful summers, which is, perhaps, an ideal arrangement. Yacht-hands have proved exceedingly useful recruits to the Navy, for they form a very capable body of seamen. Long training has made them smart and quick at their work, and, in addition to being excellent boatmen, they are possessed in every case of some special knowledge which can be applied to some special purpose. That faculty of adaptability informed by a genius for improvisation which is so admirable a characteristic of the Navy can enlist for special duty almost every kind of special skill or knowledge—not least at the present time, when the functions of the Service have become so astonishingly extended and all-embracing.

It is not permissible to explain in detail the duties carried out by the Yacht Patrol, for obvious reasons. It may be stated, however, that the vessels which it comprises are often under fire, and have, unfortunately, had their share of losses from enemy mines. Their work is not spectacular, but it is of an exceedingly useful kind. Briefly, one may say that almost wherever sea operations can be and are carried on, there the Yacht Patrol will be found represented by one or other of its units—perhaps by several.

Naturally, most of the vessels engaged are steam or motor propelled. But even sailing-yachts have their special use, and during last summer more than one "mystery ship" of this type was to be seen off the coast, before the advent of winter weather compelled her to "lie up." A strange sight it was to see a white-winged clipper, so reminiscent of happier, more idle summers, flaunting herself bravely on the pleasure-torn seas, and many were the guesses as to what kind of work such an unexpected "war-ship" could be at. But the secrets of the sailing-yacht which flies the white ensign are as loyally kept as those of other vessels.

The criticism has been made that there is not enough method and system in the mobilisation of the nation's reserves, in the sorting of material available, and the suitable allocation of duties. The criticism may not be without some justification, but it would lose a good deal of point if all the facts were known. At all events, the improvisation out of quite raw material of such an admirable and efficient service as the Yacht Patrol is one more feather in the cap of the Royal Navy.

OUR SUPPLEMENT: ADMIRAL JELlicoe.

WE present to our readers this week, as a Supplement, a large portrait in colours of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet. Owing to the conditions under which the war, especially on its naval side, is being waged, Admiral Jellicoe does not figure so prominently in the public eye as the Generals who command our armies in the field. He is none the less one of the great figures of the war; perhaps, in the end, the most important figure of all. Like the mighty fleet which he commands, he has to remain in the background for the while—a legend and a mystery. None the less, he and his ships exercise an immense though silent influence on the progress of events. Public interest in the doings of the fleet has, of course, been concerned of late with the question of the blockade of Germany, on which Sir Edward Grey made a pronouncement in the House of Commons. At the same time the First Lord of the Admiralty made an encouraging statement as to the preparedness of the Navy to meet any new developments—such as the rumoured 17-inch naval guns—in that of the enemy. In this connection it may not be out of place to recall another recent speech of Mr. Balfour's on the Navy in which he voiced the nation's debt of gratitude to Sir John Jellicoe's command. "The Grand Fleet," he said, "which as a Grand Fleet has never yet had the opportunity of being in action, nevertheless has, from hour to hour and day to day through all the months of this war, been the foundation on which everything else has rested. . . . It is at this moment performing, not for Britain alone, nor yet for Britain's Allies alone, but for the whole world, a most important part in the drama now being played out for the freedom of the world."

THE COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION.

AN anxious but spiritually myopic German has written a long article somewhere in which he asks with a sort of passionate unsophistication, "Why are Germans unpopular?" Many of us could tell him why at once; but if it were possible to get at this exigent gentleman, and if (which is entirely unlikely) he really did desire knowledge, we would hand him a book which we have just read with profit and satisfaction. It would answer him with an irrefutable decision. It would show him himself in a light bitter in its damning clarity. And it would show him himself not as the passionate minds of Britain, France, Russia, Italy, Montenegro, and Serbia see him—that is, with a not unnatural prejudice—but as minds which have every reason to be friendly see him. That is the full and terrible quality of the book. It comes from the land that has produced Sven Hedin and any amount of lurid Germanic zeal: it comes from Germany's particular neighbour, Sweden. The name of the book is "Before, During, and After 1914" (Heinemann), and of its author, Anton Nyström, Mr. Edmund Gosse, in a graceful introduction, tells us that he is one of the many remarkable men Scandinavia is now producing—a physician, writer, sociologist, and student of international affairs. The responsibility and power of the mind that has made this study is apparent as we read. It is obvious that the author has a balanced and scientific intellect, as well as a deep and erudite appreciation of humanity and world-impulses. These cool, analytical characteristics are employed in an examination of all the factors that fused into the making of this world-war. Dr. Nyström does not begin at Sarajevo, or even at the illicit annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, but goes right back to those dim times when the wild Germanic tribes plunged south from their snowy, and, after their eternal habit, snatched the lands of other people then in Europe. It is a steady and deliberate study extraordinarily detrimental to Germany. We see the national mind from its birth, in the age of Rome, "in a character distinguished by rapacity and by contempt for the most solemn treaties. . . . It was useless to try to bind them with a pact" (Tacitus); to a maturity when Bismarck juggled greedily and vilely with his Schleswig pact in the Prague Treaty, with his own ally Austria, with the Ems telegram, and with Alsace-Lorraine; and finally in its evil old age in the business of the "scrap of paper." We see, frigidly outlined, how a national chauvinism excited by second-rate professors, stimulated by the apostles of the most brutal system of militarism the world has seen, and inflamed by an aggrandising minority, has reached a pitch of racial insanity that would be recognised as blasphemous and mad among the inmates of Bedlam. We can see that it was not national interest, not Germanism nor Slavism, nor their respective aims or cultures, nor force of circumstances or need of defence, that brought about this war, but a policy of *Machtpolitik*, of greed, and of lust for world-power. This book makes these and other things clear and bitingly clear, and it does so because its manner is imperturbable, unprejudiced, forensic. It is the real effort of the counsel for the prosecution. And it will lead to conviction.

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THE EVACUATION OF GALLIOLI PENINSULA:

(JAN. 8 TO 9.)

(See Illustrations on Pages 165-166.)

IT had been a perfect day—calm with a slight breeze from the S.E. making the conditions excellent for taking troops off the peninsula. But with the setting sun the wind shifted round to the S.W., and freshened, causing a moderate sea quickly to get up. This caused some anxiety, as with much more sea the embarking of troops in boats from beaches on a lee shore would become very difficult, if not impossible. Furthermore, the wind promised to go round to the S.W. for a prolonged stiff blow. Luckily, however, after dark the wind went back towards the south. The sea got very little worse, although there was a fresh breeze all night. During the day nothing abnormal could be seen on the peninsula or at sea to indicate any proposed withdrawal, and at dusk there was scarcely a ship to be seen. After dark everything appeared to be as usual. Nothing was to be seen but the bands of green light and the red light crosses of the two hospital-ships at anchor off Cape Helles, and the Chanak searchlight. This powerful light from dusk to dawn incessantly sweeps to and fro down the straits, piercing the dark night and searching the surface of the Dardanelles with its brilliant rays for hostile craft. There was the usual desultory firing going on on the peninsula: the Asiatic batteries fired at our troops, and our monitors continued to shell the Asiatic batteries as they had been doing periodically day and night for some time past. And so we began the long night vigil, staring into the darkness towards the peninsula and watching, waiting, and wondering.

There was much to ponder on and many possibilities to consider. Had the troop-carriers arrived, or was the sea too rough, and had the evacuation been postponed, or was it already well under way? Where were all the war-ships supporting the movement? Looking as hard as one could at Cape Helles and the left flank, no ships were to be seen and nothing crossed the fixed green bands of the hospital-ships. The Chanak searchlight showed up nothing in its broad oscillating white beam. And still we wondered. Was no news good news? Did the Turks know of the evacuation taking place, or were they once again taken by surprise? Or had the Turks got the matter well in hand and were they waiting till the majority of our troops had got away in order to rush down in their tens of thousands and wipe out our few remaining thousands? After several hours' watching during the night, one's imagination is apt to run riot, and there was ample scope for it on this occasion. Midnight arrived and still all seemed normal. Surely the whole affair has been postponed. The night is comparatively warm, and the watching and waiting is apt to be tiring and monotonous—it is all apparently so negative. But suddenly one's interest is very much awakened by a submarine being reported to be off the peninsula. It would appear that there is something doing, after all—some kind of war-ship must be about in the vicinity to make the signal, and presumably the evacuation is going on. Again, one wonders, how many troop-ships are over there before us in the blackness at Cape Helles? How many have gone away laden and how many more are there to go? and will the submarine bag any of them? Still nothing to be seen, but the wind has gone round to the S.W. again, and the sea is getting distinctly worse. At last something happens, and we realise that the withdrawal is actually completing, and none too soon, with the increasing sea. A blaze appears at Cape Helles, which is quickly followed by more blazes, till a series of fires are seen, indicating that the remaining stores are being destroyed. Similarly fires appear at Sedd-ul-Bahr, until both areas are soon a blaze of flames, and smoke lighting up the surrounding hills. Star-shells are now seen exploding as dazzling white patches in the air. Soon after, various coloured V.E.'s signal-lights begin to appear from the working-parties on both beaches. Both at Helles and Sedd-ul-Bahr, every few minutes sudden bursts of flame are seen, indicating explosions of ammunition-stores. The green bands of the hospital-ships are seen to move slowly away from Helles, when there suddenly appears a colossal expanse of flame eclipsing all the other fires combined and rising up several hundred feet and above the sky-line, indicating a very terrific explosion. (This was the main ammunition-store, which occupied a cave in the cliffs. The explosion was supposed to blow out of the cave, but the top of the cliff was lifted off by it.) The fires at Helles and Sedd-ul-Bahr continued burning brightly, producing huge quantities of smoke which were to be seen later on at dawn being blown along like huge clouds over the left flank. Then, in the blackness of night, away to seawards of the left flank, there began to appear momentary brilliant white flashes. Each flash was followed a few seconds later by a sudden white, triangular patch of light on the Krithia region, indicating the explosion of big, high-explosive shells. These were soon followed and accompanied by the appearance of red, star-like bursts in the same region, indicating the explosion of shrapnel shells over the Turkish trenches.

It was a truly wonderful sight. When finally the bombardment eased up, and it became light enough to make out the peninsula, only one non-combatant ship was to be made out. She was close in to the shore—a hospital-ship—and was then leaving with all lights ablaze. There was never a sign of a troop-carrier coming or going, or of any of the motor-barges which carry the troops from the beaches to the ships. The gigantic searchlight was switched off, but the fires at Helles and Sedd-ul-Bahr continued. The destroyers could now be seen close in shore picking up any possible stragglers, and a difficult task it must have been with the increasing sea. It was a sad sight in the cold, dreary light of dawn as we proceeded on our way in a sharp downpour, and gazed back at the impregnable Achi Baba before which so many of our best have fallen. School-boy reminiscences of those we are leaving behind there are vividly brought before us, and we think of their widows and mothers we must meet again on our return. Finally, we recall our last dinner together in town—little did we think! It has been a very bloody business; still, 'twas not to reason why. British arms have achieved undying fame in their pluck and courage in this very gallant adventure.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN the Germanic Powers, now some time ago, announced to the world the remarkable fact that the German, Austrian, and Turkish Empires, with the assistance of Bulgaria, had been too much for Montenegro, they also said something to the effect that it was their greatest or their crowning victory in the war. It is an even more remarkable fact that they told the truth. The operations against Montenegro really were the only German operations which, considered as practical operations, were successful at all; and even they went wrong at the last minute, owing to the action of that direct democracy which is one of the virtues of a small state. Every story can be told in two ways; but the point about the story of this war is that it is of necessity a story of German failure if you tell it in a sober way, and can only become a story of German success if you tell it in a rhetorical way. It is not a case of colouring the thing one way or the other, but of not colouring it at all. It is not a case of the British Jingo with a rather infantile habit of painting the map red. Black and white are the Prussian colours; but the plan disproves their claim even when it is printed in black and white. Thus, if you use penny-dreadful language, you can say that the Russians "fled before" Hindenburg, though, in fact, soldiers do not "fly," except in the Aviation Corps. But if you use military language and say that the Russians "fell back to avoid envelopment," it will at once become apparent that they were successful in avoiding it. You can suggest a sentimental triumph by saying that the German "is still lord of the sacred soil of France"; but if you ask why he ever was on the sacred soil of France, you will instantly realise that he has as yet had no triumph at all. Told in the dry manner of a text-book, the tale of the war is simply and solely this. The two Germanic Empires advanced into France through Belgium and were met by a Franco-British force a little more than half their number. This force fell back before them, avoiding all attempts to outflank it; and the smaller army defeated the larger one a little to the north of Paris; so that it had to fall back in its turn. Meanwhile the Russians had been advancing in the East; but their munitions running low, they again had to fall back before the enemy, who took advantage of a great superiority in munitionment to make six successive attempts to surround them by cutting the neck of a salient, the last of which failed at Vilna. The Central Empires then turned to attack the Serbian Army, which retreated with much greater loss, a nucleus being still intact and being reinforced by smaller detachments of Allies. The Central Powers then conquered Montenegro. Now, that is a perfectly detached and dispassionate account of what actually happened. There is not a single abusive or complimentary word in it; no part of the statement depends in the smallest degree upon artistic selection or partisan suppression or moral sympathy. If the inhabitants of Mars understand military operations, as some astronomers have suggested that

they understand engineering operations, and if the inhabitants of Mars have strong-enough telescopes to follow the main lines of the European war, they cannot be describing it greatly otherwise than as I have described it here.

Now, it is one of the elementary things to remember that the Germans do not believe, do not really even profess to believe, in truth in this sense. With all their talk of science, they do not really pretend to look at anything in a dry and objective light. They put their principal trust in something which their philosophers call Will, and their more flippant enemies, Bluff. They do quite seriously believe in bluff—or, rather, they believe in believing in bluff. And it is this which alone explains a type of utterance which it would normally be the instinct of any man, and I should think of any Martian, to call the screams of a

give you a chance to do so, again I do not believe you; and I now naturally believe it less with every word you say against it." I have stated that this is what I should say if I were a German. But this is, of course, an illogical expression; because if I were a German, I suppose I should talk as the Germans do. If I were a German I should say this: "It is really because we are so pure that we have been chosen by the Almighty as his instruments to punish the envious, to chastise the wicked, and to slay with the sword sinful nations. The Divine mission of Germany, O brethren! is to crucify humanity; the duty of German soldiers, therefore, is to strike without mercy. They must kill, burn, and destroy; any half-measures would be wicked. Let it, then, be a war without pity. The immoral and the friends and allies of Satan must be destroyed, as an evil plant is uprooted." Or, again: "We must fight the

wicked with every means in our power; their sufferings should give us pleasure; their cries of despair should not move German hearts. They have all been condemned to death by a Divine decree." These thoughtful passages do not even occur in the casual remarks of some blundering Junker trying to bully the people, or of some Jingo journalist trying to inflame them. Indeed, they are not intended to inflame the people, but to soothe them and soften their hearts. They are the quiet recessional, the interludes of peace and prayer as allowed in Prussia. They are the utterances of two venerable and peaceable clergymen, one having the care of souls in Berlin, and the other in Leipzig; and they are specifically devoted to the need of charity and patience in the Christian scheme. They are, in their very essence,

meant for the milk of the land of blood and beer; they represent the German spirit at its very mildest. And nothing like them, I venture to say, has ever been read or heard in the history of modern nations. It is not, however, with their mere virulence that I am especially concerned. It is not, so to speak, the black words but the white words that are most astonishing in the description. And the most astonishing of all, and the key to the whole incredible riddle, is to be found in the first words of the extract: "It is really because we are so pure." In those few words Germany declares a more violent war upon the Christian religion than in all her crimes.

I heard much in my youth of the humility of the man of science, who would learn from the lowliest external facts. And when I compare these madmen with the old biologists and physicists of the type of Darwin, I feel that we owe something like a friendly apology for having made even moderate game of them. It is certainly in this practical modesty that Huxley now towers above Haeckel. Occasionally Huxley was a Philistine, but he was never a Pharisee. And that is the mildest phrase for the high priests who are "so pure" that they have to crucify somebody else.

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QUAKERS IN KHAKI: MEMBERS OF A SOCIETY OPPOSED TO FIGHTING, BUT PREPARED TO DO THEIR DUTY IN THE NON-COMBATANT SERVICES.

A good deal has been said from time to time about the attitude of Quakers towards the war. The Society of Friends is, of course, opposed on principle to fighting, but our photograph is sufficient proof that its members are prepared to serve their country under the aegis of the Red Cross. It shows the staff of a Quaker's ambulance train photographed just before leaving for France.—[Photograph by C.N.]

maniac. It is the Deutsche Courage, wilder than Dutch Courage, for it deliberately uses delusion instead of drink.

It is, perhaps, the ultimate accusation to be brought against modern Germany that her worst is not revealed in her enemies' accusations at all. The unapproachable point of folly and evil is always found in her own defence. That defence is never by any chance such as a sane or even sympathetic philosopher would make for her. It is not such a defence as I could make for her myself. If I were a German (and in that case, as I hope I should be, a patriotic German), I should say something like this: "By your very denunciations of organised, or what you call Prussianised, Germany, you really admit that there is something in Europe which has a character and colour, which some people like and some dislike, which is expressed in its institutions and is strong enough to make an enormous difference. To this thing I belong and in this I believe. Now you may or may not have had a black-and-white plot to curb it or cut it down; you may or may not have technically been on the defensive against it. But if you tell me you did not want to curb it or cut it down, I do not believe you; if you tell me you were not tacitly expecting that history would take a turn and

"THE END OF A VERY GALLANT ADVENTURE": LAST SCENES AT THE EVACUATION OF GALLIPOLI.

DIAGRAM DRAWING BY S. BEGG, FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER WHO WAS AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE EVACUATION. (SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 162.)

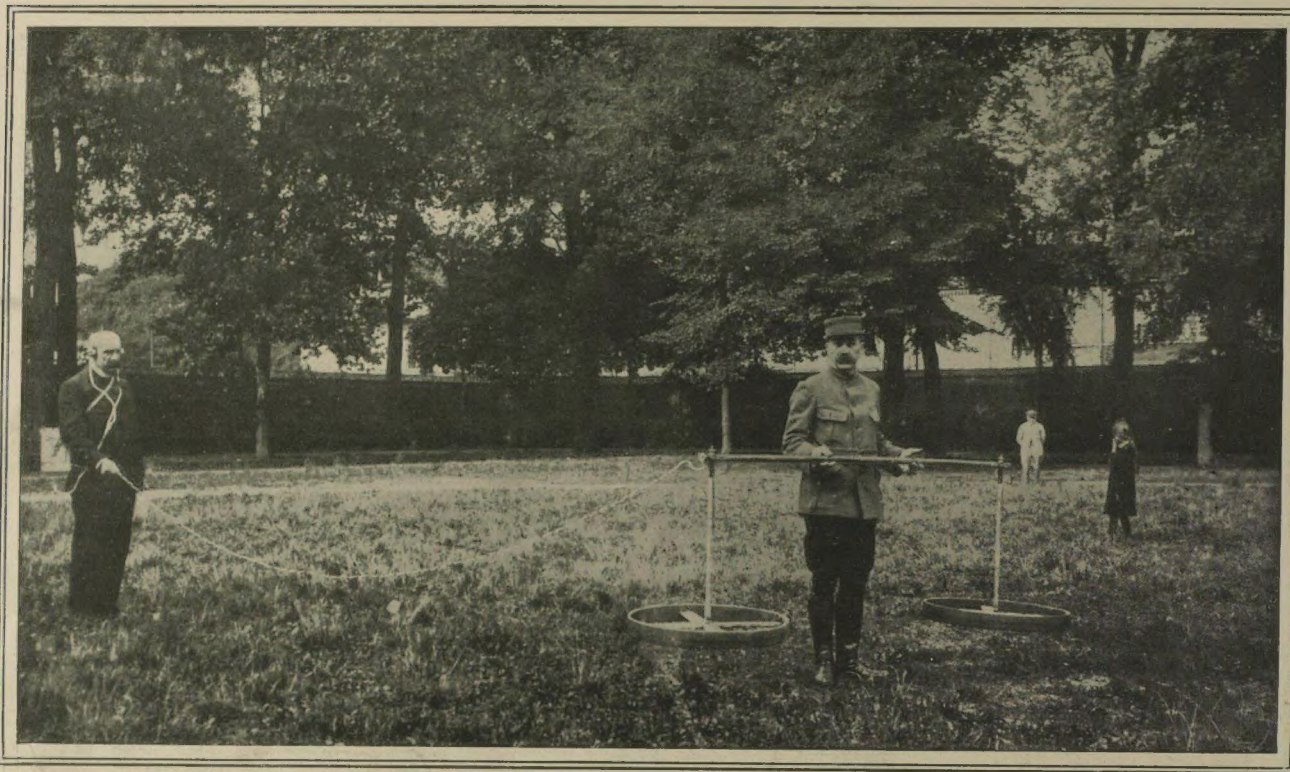


AS SEEN FROM A BRITISH WAR-SHIP: THE FINAL WITHDRAWAL OF THE BRITISH FORCES, ALMOST WITHOUT LOSS, FROM THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA, ON THE NIGHT OF JAN. 8 & 9.

"The End of a Very Gallant Adventure" is the title given to his work by the naval officer from whose sketch the above diagrammatic drawing has been made. On another page we give his article by describing the scene as he saw it from the deck of a British war-ship. The whole movement was carried out so skillfully and secretly that for long nothing was visible to the watchers. "At last," he writes, "something happens, and we realise that the withdrawal is actually completing, and none too soon, with the increasing sea. A blaze appears at Cape Helles, which is quickly followed by more blazes, till a series of fires are seen, indicating that the remaining stores are being destroyed. Similarly fires appear at Sedd-ul Bahr, until both areas are soon a blaze of flames and smoke lighting up the surrounding hills. Star-shells are now seen exploding as dazzling white patches in the air. Soon after, various-coloured Viny's signal-lights begin to appear from the working-parties on both beaches. Both at Helles and Sedd-ul Bahr, every few minutes sudden bursts of flame are seen, indicating explosions of ammunition-stores. The green bands of the hospital-ships are seen to move slowly away from H-les, when there suddenly appears a colossal expanse of flame eclipsing all the other fires combined and rising up several hundred feet and above the sky-line, indicating a very terrific explosion. (This was the main ammunition-store.) The fires at Helles and Sedd-

Bahr continued burning brightly, producing huge quantities of smoke which were to be seen later on at dawn being blown along like huge clouds over the left flank. Then, in the blackness of night, away to seawards of the left flank, there began to appear momentary brilliant white flashes. Each flash was followed a few seconds later by a sudden white, triangular patch of light on the Krithia region, indicating the explosion of big, high-explosive shells. These were soon followed and accompanied by the appearance of red, star-like bursts in the same region, indicating the explosion of shrapnel shells over the Turkish trenches. It was a truly wonderful sight. When finally the bombardment eased up, and it became light enough to make out the peninsula, only one non-combatant ship was to be made out. She was close in to the shore—a hospital-ship—and was then leaving with all lights ablaze. There was never a sign of a troop-carrier coming or going, or of any of the motor-barges which carry the troops from the beaches to the ships. The gigantic searchlight at Chanak was switched off, but the fires at Helles and Sedd-ul Bahr continued. The destroyers could now be seen close in-shore picking up any possible stragglers, and a difficult task it must have been with the increasing sea."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A Mechanical Searcher for Unexploded and Buried Shells: A Strange Scientific Device.



DETECTING UNEXPLODED SHELLS HIDDEN IN THE GROUND TO THE DANGER OF FIELD-WORKERS: THE ELECTRICAL INDUCTION BALANCE AT WORK.

The peaceful fields of rural France are a source of danger to those who work in them, as shells have embedded themselves a short distance below the surface, where the sharp contact of a spade or plough would cause them to explode with deadly effect. Professor C. Gutton, of Nancy, has brought science to the aid of the workers in the form of an

electric induction-balance, carried over suspected ground by a man who is followed by another wearing telephonic receiver-pads and carrying an electric battery connected with the "finder." When the balance is passing above a buried shell or fragment of metal, induction-coils in it actuate a vibrating spring, giving a sharp note of alarm.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOYER.

At the French "Montenegrin Seat of Government": King Nicholas's Arrival.



THE KING OF MONTENEGRO IN FRANCE: HIS MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGING THE SALUTE AT THE STATION—GENERAL D'AMADE ON HIS LEFT; THE PREFECT OF THE RHONE DEPARTMENT ON HIS RIGHT.

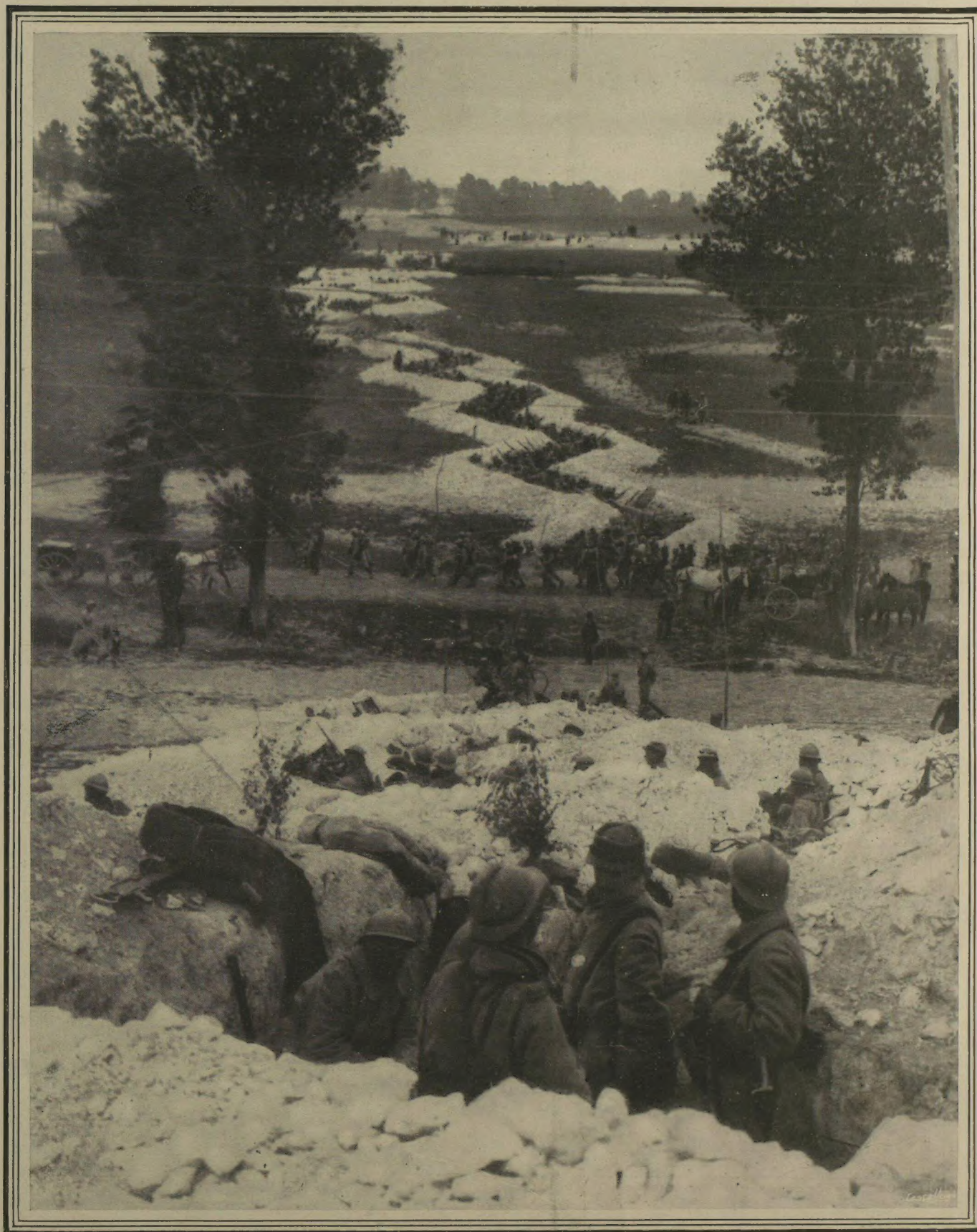
Admiration for the courage of King Nicholas is general and both Italy and France showed him every honour while he was on his way to join Queen Milena at Lyons, where her Majesty was staying with some members of the Royal family. The King of Italy put a royal train at the service of the septuagenarian Monarch, and the French

Government was represented at Lyons station by the Prefect of the Rhone Department. The Mayor of Lyons was also present, and in the evening his Majesty received at his hotel M. Denys Cochin, Minister of State. King Nicholas was in national costume. Despite the fortune of war, his Majesty's vigorous patriotism remains unbroken.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOPRESS.

THE ZIG-ZAG OF SAFETY: THE WAY TO THE FIRE TRENCHES

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY C.N.



A ZIG-ZAG IN ORDER THAT RELIEFS, OR REINFORCEMENTS, MAY REACH THE FRONT LINE TRENCHES WITHOUT FACING DEATH ON THE WAY: A FRENCH COMMUNICATION TRENCH IN THE CHAMPAGNE WAR ZONE.

Within the fire-zone at the extreme front, it is practically impossible to cross open spaces without facing the chance of wounds or death. The only way to get men across in safety to the advanced lines from the supporting second-line trenches in rear is along communication-trenches dug below the surface level so that head-cover is given. As the communication-trenches lead from rear to front and run, consequently, in a general direction at right-angles to the enemy, they take a zig-zag shape to prevent their length

being swept by enfilade-fire. The zig-zag approach system is as old as siege-warfare since gunpowder was used in war. All existing plans of the sieges of the days of Marlborough and Vauban, in the same Flanders country where our men and the French are fighting side by side now, show zig-zag communication-trenches connecting the parallels—as the trenches fronting the enemy used to be called. They are exactly similar to that of our illustration, which could hardly be improved upon for distinctness.

OUT OF THE RANGE OF THE GUNS: A REFUGE FOR THE WOUNDED.



SANCTUARY: AN AMBULANCE FROM THE FRONT SHELTERED IN THE NAVE OF A LITTLE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

The Church has been very good to the soldiers fighting for humanity with whole-hearted devotion, and our picture shows how an ambulance of wounded men was housed in a church just far enough from the artillery of the enemy to ensure safety. The canvas stretchers standing by the side of the carved pulpit; the rough truckle-beds in long lines under the "storied windows richly dight"; the altars with their lights and sacred images;

the cassocked priest, the Red Cross worker with the badge of his humane calling upon his arm; the ornate chandelier and the array of wounded men, make up a study of an actuality which tells in its own way the truth that the Church is both human and divine—a sermon without words. It has been proved that during the war the Church as a whole, irrespective of technical distinctions, has fulfilled its high duties without fear or favour.

YACHTSMEN ON WAR-DUTY: SOME FORMS OF THEIR WORK.



HELPING BOTH THE NAVY AND THE ARMY: STEAM-YACHTS OF THE "YACHT PATROL" ESCORTING A CONVOY OF BRITISH TRANSPORTS.



ENGAGED ON SERVICE NOT TO BE DISCLOSED TILL THE WAR IS OVER:
ONE OF OUR "MYSTERY SHIPS" ON DUTY



CLEARING THE SEA OF ONE OF ITS DEADLIEST SECRET DANGERS
A MINE-SWEEPERS' FLOTILLA, WITH ITS "ADMIRAL" LEADING.

Our amateur seamen of the pleasure-yacht flotillas and regatta days in pre-war times are actively assisting the Navy. Yacht-owners and crews in craft of all kinds, steam and sailing-yachts, carrying guns as ships of war, are with the Fleet or independently cruising. In the upper drawing two steam-yachts are escorting three transports on their voyage, keeping guard on either side of the convoy, ready to make for and keep off any prowling enemy submarine. In the left-hand lower drawing is seen one of the "mystery ships" to seaside visitors last summer. Many people wondered what white-winged clippers, reminiscent of holiday hours before the war, were doing as they flitted

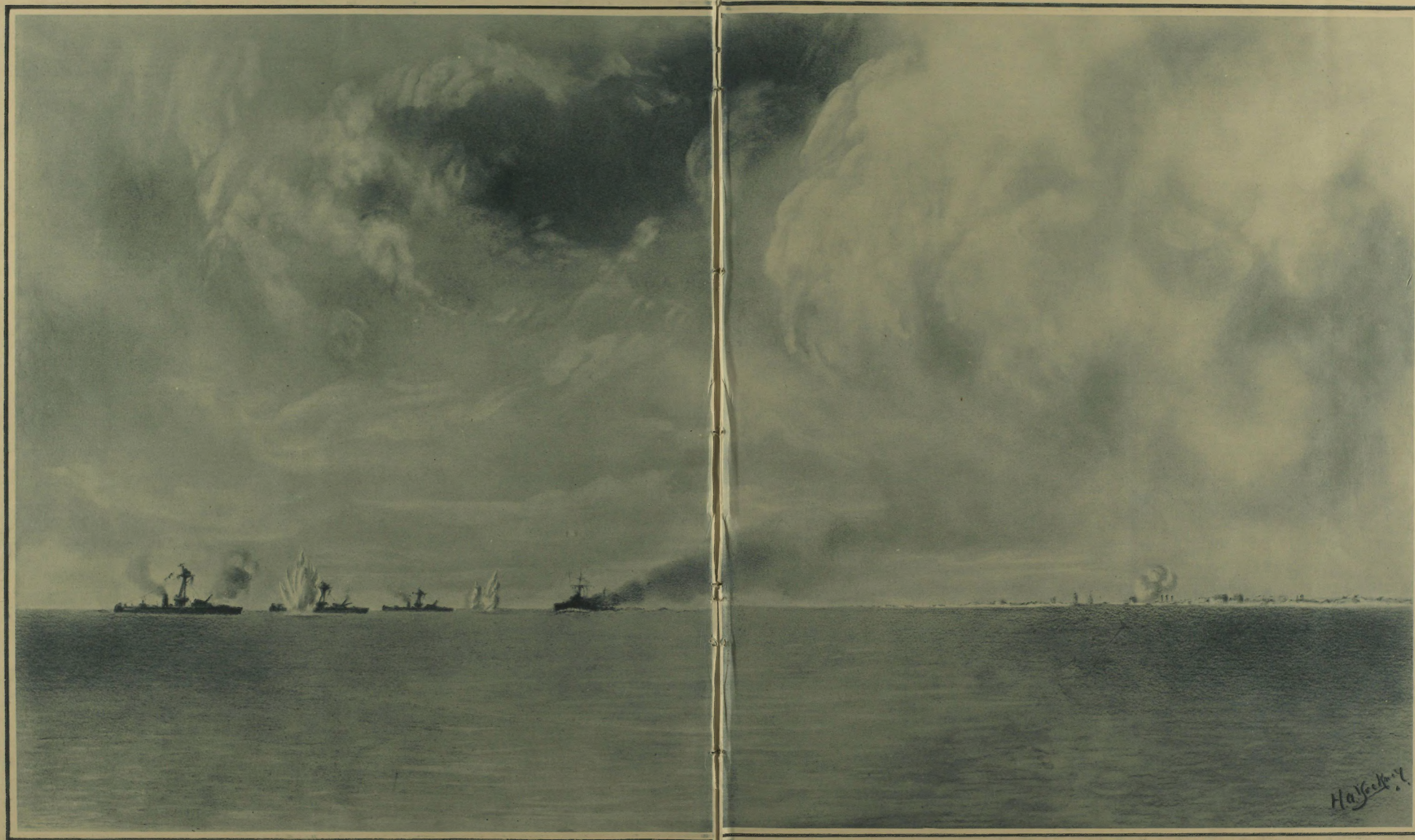
over the almost deserted seas, and many a guess was made about them. Yet they were serving the country in deadly earnest, as will be known after the war. In the right-hand lower drawing, a flotilla of mine-sweepers is seen proceeding on its dangerous duty, led by its "admiral," the vessel on board which is the officer in charge, usually a Lieutenant, R.N. or R.N.V.R., or of the mercantile reserve. The men engaged in mine-sweeping in various kinds of small craft are, for the most part, fishermen and trawler-hands temporarily enrolled under the Admiralty. The nerve and cool daring that all concerned in mine-sweeping show daily and nightly are matchless.

MONITORS BOMBARDING THE BELGIAN COAST: THE

DRAWN BY H. A. YOCKNEY,

"RING" KEPT BY A DESTROYER—AN OFFICER'S DRAWING.

WHO TOOK PART IN THE ACTION.



"IN WATERS WHICH ARE THE NATURAL HOME OF THE ENEMY'S SUBMARINES":
DASHING TO AND FRO TO WARD OFF

"It is to the excellent work done by the destroyers under Commodore C. D. Johnson, M.V.O., and the drifters under Captain F. G. Bird that I attribute our immunity from loss by submarine-attack." So Vice-Admiral Bacon records in his despatch published on January 12 summarising the Belgian Coast operations between mid-August and mid-November. In acknowledging the work done by some of the craft of his flotilla of eighty vessels, the most important units of which were the monitors, he says, further: "The protection of such a moving fleet by the destroyers in waters which are the natural home of the enemy's submarines has been admirable, and justifies the training and organisation of the personnel of the flotilla." As to

THREE MONITORS IN ACTION OFF THE BELGIAN COAST, WITH A DESTROYER
"U" BOATS AND MAKE A SMOKE-SCREEN.

the work of the larger vessels, the Vice-Admiral says that "extreme accuracy was obtained with the gun-fire at the long ranges necessary for the best attack of such defences." He records that "concerted operations of considerable magnitude were carried out on six occasions, and on eight other days attacks on a smaller scale on fortified positions took place." The drawing, by one who took part in the action depicted, illustrates "three large monitors bombarding the Belgian coast. A destroyer is dashing to and fro to keep off submarines, and also to make smoke-screens that the enemy may find it harder to spot the fall of their shells."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

AS WITH ALL THE BELLIGERENTS: WOMAN REPLACING MAN AT HOME.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



A "REMPLAÇANTE": THE "CONTRÔLEUSE" OF THE MÉTRO, THE "TUBE" OF PARIS AND ITS SUBURBS.

France, like Great Britain and the other belligerents, is getting accustomed to the changes brought about by the war, and these changes are nowhere more evident to the general public than in the new arrangements which have been necessitated by the departure of so many men of military age to the war-area. The quiet dress and equally quiet methods

of the "remplaçante" have quickly commended themselves to the people of Paris, and travellers have accepted the situation not only with a good grace, but have shown every disposition to make the women's new work agreeable. The war has brought many unusual avocations within the reach of women.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

AS WITH ALL THE BELLIGERENTS: WOMAN REPLACING MAN AT HOME.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



A "REPLAÇANTE": THE TRAM-CONDUCTOR COLLECTING FARES IN PARIS.

In his striking sketches of life in Paris under war conditions, M. Sabattier has done well to include a vivid presentment of the conductor on the tram, for the tram is very important, an indispensable feature of daily life. In London we have already grown familiar with the sight of trim women conductors; and their unobtrusive civility,

tact, and care are much to their credit. In Paris the trams are almost as popular as our own system, and the women employed have quickly shown themselves capable substitutes for men. The work, too, is not so onerous, and passengers have shown themselves eager not to add to difficulties.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

PEACE PROPOSALS—AND AFTER?

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

AMONG the Germans and their allies the belief is now professed by all and held by many that the year 1916 will witness the end of the conflict. The wish is father to the thought, and was born of a desire to diffuse the anticipation of a more or less imminent peace throughout Europe and the world, and thus to prepare the ground for the seemingly reasonable proposals which will be formulated by Berlin in Switzerland, Holland, or the United States at the "psychological moment." What these proposals, or at any rate Germany's ultimate terms, are we can approximately conjecture to-day. And even among the allied nations curiosity is rife as to the course which events will probably take before the final stage of the war is reached.

It is not easy to gratify this curiosity, for at the present moment there are no means of gauging with sufficient accuracy the working of the vast scheme of forces and events which owe their existence and operation to the war let loose by the Teuton. The Allies are still far from the moorings they cut seventeen months ago, and, it may well be, equally far from the unknown shore towards which they are drifting. But the Germans also find themselves in inclement latitudes, and on a journey much longer and more dangerous than they had foreseen and provided for. They anticipated a war of six or seven months, culminating in a decisive victory. And, in order to throw France and Great Britain off their guard and secure their neutrality, they strove to mask the momentous issues at stake by reducing the terms of the problem to those of the Balkan equilibrium. Their real aim, however, speedily appeared in its true light as the subjection of Europe to the over-lordship of their race. But they had miscalculated the forces with which they would have to cope; and now, after seventeen months of military and diplomatic successes which give the standing impression of power, and with vast territories to serve as objects of barter—and, optimists among us add, with the chilling consciousness of waning strength—they would fain make peace, if not on the footing of victors, at least on terms of equality. It is devoutly to be hoped that the general tendency of the Allies, and in especial of Great Britain, to treat all serious overtures, championed by well-meaning neutrals, as deserving of careful consideration will not be allowed full scope.

It is interesting, now that we appear to be approaching a signal crisis in the conflict, to glance at the terms which, according to credible reports, are under consideration in Berlin. The twofold aim pursued is to gain credit for generosity while securing all the advantages which the relative military position of the antagonists would warrant. Belgium—with the loss of Antwerp—would become independent again in the sense in which Serbia would have been independent had she acquiesced in the terms of the Austrian ultimatum. Economically, however, she would be yoked to Germany like Turkey and Serbia. Thus she would become a shadow of her former self—impoverished, paralysed, and writhed with her powerful allies.

To France the ten departments would likewise be returned, and in all probability a strip of one of the lost provinces accorded by way of "rectifying" her frontier. What would happen to Russia is less clearly defined. But there are good grounds for assuming that, with the sole exception of Poland, to which special treatment would be meted out, the Tsardom, losing Ilika and Bessarabia, would be left much as it was before the war. Germany would, however, insist on recovering her colonies, retaining her fleet and Heligoland, and being allowed to participate in the rights of the most favoured nations in the matter of the Allies' Customs tariffs.

Peace proposals of this tenour would undoubtedly appeal strongly to a certain type of politician who, one hopes, is still in a relatively small minority in the allied nations; but whose influence is not, perhaps, everywhere

correspondingly slight. There is a small group of politicians everywhere whom the perspective of a speedy peace and a return to commercial and industrial pursuits would throw into a temper of general sympathy with any seemingly reasonable scheme that promised these boons. And if the "psychological moment" happened to coincide, as it probably would, with the dire necessity of entering upon a third winter campaign, this latter perspective might influence many apathetic people, just as the glitter of the coins sometimes dispels the misgivings of an unwilling vendor. The temper and spirit of politicians apt to compromise do not afford the best safeguard that the far-reaching political and social consequences and the moral aspects of such a transaction would be duly weighed.

It may not be amiss to sketch the specious arguments with which such a peace proposal would be advocated by men of the type alluded to. This presentation derives any value it may possess from the circumstance that it corresponds exactly to a train of thought which, to my knowledge, has more than once found articulate expression, and is being insidiously pressed home by proselytising agents.

The root of the evil which the Allies are endeavouring to destroy is Prussian militarism. That is the real cause of the conflict, and of the national temper of Germany

and impoverishing the submissive people that had brought them, the compact would be declared broken, and the party responsible for the calamity would be swept away.

It cannot be doubted, it is urged, that if the Kaiser's Ministers were to offer peace on the terms under consideration, the indignant people would make short work of Prussian militarism and insist on the establishment of genuine Parliamentary Government. And the Parliamentary system fairly applied in Germany would entail the immediate destruction of Prussian militarism.

Fallacious reasoning of that order appeals to the less noble instincts of people who have experienced the horrors of war and apprehend worse things from its continuance. And on that ground it is well that the nation should be on its guard against this sophistical presentation of fact and fiction as unalloyed truth.

In reality, peace on the basis of the equilibrium that obtained before the war would be but a truce, a mere suspension of hostilities of long-enough duration to enable preparations to go forward for another campaign in which Germany's enemies would be fewer and less prepared to confront her with chances of success than they are to-day. It would necessitate the immediate adoption of obligatory military service in Great Britain, and all the social and

political changes which that transformation would bring in its train. It would constrain the nation to devote itself to military pursuits as an indispensable condition of existence, and to expend in military as well as naval and aerial efficiency a large percentage of the money hitherto invested in trade, industry, and education.

And whether we know it or no, whether we like it or no, it is towards that ruinous consummation that we are steadily drifting. The inspiring accounts we read of military successes, the peans we sing in anticipation of certain victory, the cheering forecasts we receive of the end of the struggle in the course of the present year, and, above all else, the reassuring descriptions served up to the nation of Germany's creeping paralysis, of the imminent starvation of her people, of the growth of acute discontent among the masses there which will shortly bring about a sudden collapse—are all roseate mists through which we discern a purely imaginary confluence of forces and events working providentially for the Allies' benefit.

To encourage wild notions of this kind by word or deed is to render a fatal disservice to the British nation and its Allies. The elements of the situation are writ large in Germany's unbroken series of military

and political successes, which no newspaper comments can reason away. And the only forecasts of the future that really matter are foreshadowed by the working of our war machinery, which has produced these results in the past and is obviously incapable of turning out anything better in the future.

Owing to Russia's isolation, much more depends upon the effort put forth by this country and France than was anticipated and provided for at the outset. And of an adequate effort we are incapable because the machinery we rely upon to master this tremendous conflict is worse than inadequate: it was created for peace, not for war. The present House of Commons has no war mandate from the nation, and, with all due deference to our legislators, it has hardly yet awakened to the fact that our Empire and our race are fighting for their existence. The truth expressed with brutal bluntness is that the Cabinet, as at present constituted, although composed of patriotic, well-meaning men, is but a crude, anarchic, and abortive agency which must be set aside before any real headway in the direction of a satisfactory peace is made. And one fears that this change, like so many others, may come too late.

In fine, the conditions of success as they are apprehended by men of clear vision at home and abroad—men whose only care is for the successful conduct of the war—are a new political system and a new form of leadership.



"IN ARTOIS": A BOMBARDMENT OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT AT ARRAS.

There has recently been heavy fighting again in Artois, where the Germans attacked the French near Neuville St. Vaast, west of the Arras-Lens road. Arras, the ancient capital of Artois, has suffered much from German shells. The Chapelle des Dames du Saint Sacrement, a modern church in the Flamboyant style, by Gileyn, stands in the rue d'Amiens. It is not the cathedral.—(Photograph by Alinari.)

which approved the conflict. If, therefore, one could crush that pernicious institution, the world would be freed from the hideous nightmare which has destroyed its pleasant dreams of pacific evolution and of the brotherhood of man. Now, the conclusion of peace on some such terms as those just outlined would, it is argued, achieve this end as effectually as if the struggle were carried on until further millions of men and milliards of hardly earned money were sacrificed. If that estimate were shown to be correct, only presumptuous infatuation could press for the rejection of an offer which involved the attainment of the sole object of the war.

And that peace concluded on the basis of the *status quo ante* modified in the way sketched above would secure all that the Allies are striving for, it is maintained, capable of conclusive proof. This war was let loose by the champions of Prussian militarism in order to set the German people on the pedestal to which their superior mental capacities entitle them. 'It was acquiesced in by the Teuton nation because it was assumed that the cost had been counted and the desired results were certain. Success, therefore, with the incalculable advantages which success would have conferred, was the implied condition on which the nation followed its leaders. And if that condition were not fulfilled—if, on the contrary, the huge sacrifices were offered up to no better purpose than that of decimating

AMONG THE BURSTING SHELLS: A FLIGHT OVER THE GERMAN LINES.



WHITE PUFFS OF SHRAPNEL ABOUT THEM: FRENCH MILITARY AEROPLANES ON DUTY WITHIN RANGE
OF THE ENEMY'S GUNS—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A THIRD AEROPLANE.

The height above the ground at which it was considered fairly safe to fly only a few months ago has had to be greatly increased of late owing to the vastly increased range of the German guns. In spite of that, however, the reconnoitring airmen of the Allies boldly take the risk of being hit, and fly constantly well within range. We see two French aeroplanes making a flight in such circumstances, as the cloud-like bursts of the German shrapnel high in the air above them show. To add to the interest of the photo-

graph above, it may be added that it is an enlargement of one taken from a third French aeroplane which was taking part in the reconnaissance with the two aeroplanes seen. The anti-aircraft guns used on both sides are quick-firers and keep sending up a continuous stream of shells. Those already in the air hardly have had time to burst, indeed, before more shells are on the way after them, and others, again, are just leaving the gun-muzzle to follow in the flight.

THE "REVIVAL" OF THE ZEPPELIN: THE FORWARD GONDOLA OF ONE OF THE GREAT GERMAN DIRIGIBLES.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "THE AEROPLANE."



GERMANY'S AIR-RAIDER-IN-CHIEF: THE CAR UNDER THE KEEL AT THE FORWARD END OF A ZEPPELIN WITH A DIAGRAM NAMING THE DIFFERENT PARTS.

Interest in German aircraft, which recently centred in the Fokker aeroplane, has since reverted—for the time, at any rate—to Zeppelins, those great airships which may be called Germany's raiders-in-chief. The details of a Zeppelin's mechanism were well described in one of the "Daily Mail's" series of technical articles, "Explaining the War." "The crew of the airship," we read, "are accommodated in two long gondola-shaped cars. . . . The airship of this type is divided into 18 separate compartments, in each of which is a ballonet or small balloon. Each of these has a valve for admitting fresh hydrogen, a valve for emptying it, and a special automatic valve, which is

one of Count Zeppelin's secrets, for preventing any dangerous pressure of gas inside. In theory the airship would still float, provided ballast were discharged, if two of the ballonets were damaged. . . . The engines (4 of 200 h.p. each in the newest type) are contained in the two cars, which are built into the framework of the airship and almost flush with its keel. One is placed forward and the other aft. A pair of propellers is coupled to each. . . . The weight lifted by a large Zeppelin is about 7 tons, but included in this is the weight of the crew, petrol, oil, and other requisites, so that not more than 1½ or 2 tons of explosives and guns can be carried."

A GIANT RUSSIAN BIPLANE: AN "ILYA MOUROMETZ."



CAPABLE OF ACCOMMODATING SIXTEEN PEOPLE, OR OF CARRYING A VERY HEAVY

Now that the part played by aircraft in the war is becoming more and more important, and there is so much discussion about German "Fokkers," the fine feats of British and French airmen, air-rides, and the air-defences of London and Paris, it is interesting to recall the fact that our Russian Allies possess one of the most wonderful types of the heavier-than-air machine, an invention of Russian origin. The huge biplane named the "Ilya Mourometz" was designed and built by the Russian engineer Sikorsky before the war, and aroused immense interest, in the autumn of 1913 and the succeeding spring, by its flights over Petrograd. She flew for over 14 hours with 16 passengers, and for over 2 hours with the ordinary crew of eight. The "Ilya Mourometz," also known as the Sikorsky biplane, has given its name to the type, of which other examples have since been built. The fine photograph here reproduced shows well the enormous size of the machine (though this one is not the largest), by comparison with the men standing by it and the door in the body of the car. The dimensions

A MONSTER AMONG HEAVIER-THAN-AIR MACHINES.



CARGO OF BOMBS: ONE OF THE FAMOUS SIKORSKY BIPLANES USED BY THE RUSSIANS.

of the original "Ilya Mourometz" are: length, 65 ft.; span, 121 ft.; bearing surface, 1958 sq. ft.; weight, 31 tons. There were four engines with a total horse-power variously stated from 400 to 660 h.p., two of them being auxiliary—that is, for use if the other two are put out of action. These big Russian biplanes have not been heard of quite so much as was expected during the war, but they have done important service. For example, a Petrograd communiqué of October 20 stated: "Our 'Ilya Mourometz' airplanes yesterday made a raid on the station of Friedrichshaf, south-east of Milan, and dropped several dozen bombs on the buildings and rolling stock." On April 21 last one attacked the railway station at Soldau, and two days later that of Plock. The same day two bombed the station at Miawa and the aerodrome at Samniki. On April 24, ten bombs, one weighing nearly 2 cwt., were dropped on Neidenburg. On July 5, during a four-hours' scouting flight in the San district, another "Ilya Mourometz" bombarded the station at Przweorsk. They can carry enough petrol for flights of 300 to 400 miles.



LOOKING AT BURGERS TRESPASSING ON THEIR GROUND.
STUNTS OUT OF SCHOOL (16th CENTURY)

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



UNIVERSITY LIFE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVING THE SIGNS OF HIS DEGREE



LEARNING UNDER INFLUENCE IN A CHURCH OF A CATHEDRAL
STUDENTS IN SCHOOL (16th CENTURY)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

FRENCH PRECAUTIONS AGAINST TYPHOID

ACCORDING to an answer given by Mr Tennant in the House of Commons during the past month, the number of cases of typhoid among British troops in France and Belgium up to November last was 1395. As we know from other sources that we had at the last-named date over a million and a quarter men on the Western front, this is hardly more than 1 in 1000, which is a very small fraction indeed when compared with the losses from this cause in former wars. The fact is most gratifying, and reflects great credit on the R.A.M.C. and the care taken by all concerned in the sanitation of the Army.

There remains to be seen whether the figure cannot be further reduced, and in this respect we may learn something, not indeed from the enemy—who is, if all tales be true, in a much worse position than ourselves with regard to typhoid—but from our great Ally, ever foremost in science, as in some other matters. M. Armand Colard, who has lately made a careful study of the subject, tells us that the risk is by no means at an end, as some of us seem to think, when the soldier is plentifully supplied with sterilised or otherwise purified drinking-water. This is naturally of very great importance, but M. Colard lays even greater stress on the careful elimination from the army of all those who can by any stretch of language be suspected of being "germ-carriers." It is well known that these persons are by no means always those who are themselves suffering from the disease, but that there are certain constitutions, like that of the celebrated "Typhoid Mary," which continue to produce the typhus bacillus without any apparent danger to their possessors, and when they are otherwise in perfect health. Such individuals M. Colard would have sought out and sent

to the base or otherwise interned, and he believes that with this, with the immediate notification of any symptom of the disease, the segregation in separate hospitals of those attacked by it, and by another precaution to be presently mentioned, typhoid might be almost completely suppressed. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

It may be doubted, however, whether many of M. Colard's recommendations are not in themselves a counsel of perfection. The notification of slight symptoms would be of the greatest use if practicable,

hospitals; but in the rough-and-tumble of war, where "surgical cases" and mere "sicks" are necessarily treated in the same building—and, which is worse, are sent to the base in the same conveyances—any rigid system of segregation breaks down, and it is difficult to see in existing circumstances how any other result is to be expected. The case is different with M. Colard's other measure, which is, in effect, vaccination with anti-typhoid serum. This he would have applied to everyone in the State service, whether well or ill, and whether with the consent of the vaccinated or not. Its efficacy not only in preventing infection, but in mitigating its effects, may be judged from the figures given by the Under-Secretary for War in the answer above quoted. In the course of this he mentioned that out of 579 inoculated soldiers who contracted typhoid only 35 died, while among 571 uninoculated ones there were 115 deaths; and this ought to convince any unprejudiced person of the value of the vaccine treatment. One wishes one could think that it will have any effect upon those fanatics who have been guilty of the lamentable folly of attempting to dissuade the soldier from submitting himself for vaccination. Now that its value has been proved, it ought to be made compulsory in our Army as it is in that of the French. Let the consuls look to it.



THE BRITISH ARMY'S METHODS OF ARRESTING INFECTIOUS DISEASE: A STEEL TANK FOR CONVEYING SUSPECTED BED-CLOTHES TO THE DISINFECTION-CHAMBER.

When a suspected case of fever has been removed to hospital, the bedding of all the men who have slept in the same room is taken away in the steel tank, which is not opened until it is placed inside the disinfection-chamber. There its contents are disinfected by means of steam.—(Photograph by Topical.)

but all intimate acquaintances of the British soldier know well that it could never be general. His natural shyness and the fear of being suspected by his comrades of malingering would alone be sufficient, even without his most praiseworthy determination to keep in the fighting line as long as possible, to prevent Thomas Atkins from coming forward with any complaints of the sort. Something has already been done in the establishment behind the firing-line of fever

But this is not so. Although the sanitation of our own and our Allies' armies is much improved, there is grave reason to think that that of the enemy is growing distinctly worse, and with the great rush of prisoners which we may expect with some confidence before long the chances of contagion will be increased a thousand-fold. It becomes us, therefore, to set our house in order while there is yet time.

F. L.



PART OF THE FRENCH AIR FORCES IN THE BALKANS WHICH RECENTLY RAIDED MONASTIR: AN AEROPLANE SQUADRON IN SERBIA "SNOWED UP" NEAR PRIZREND.

French aeroplanes have been very active in the Balkans, as elsewhere. A Paris communique of January 24 said: "A squadron of 32 French aeroplanes bombarded the enemy ramparts of Gerghebi and Monastir. At the latter place over 200 bombs were dropped by our machines." This was the largest raid so far accomplished in that theatre of war. The flight from the French base to Monastir, where German and Bulgarian troops were stationed, took just over two hours. All the machines returned safely.

A RIFLE-GRENADE LEAVING THE BARREL: A REMARKABLE "SNAP-SHOT."



A MISSILE GREATLY USED IN TRENCH-FIGHTING DURING THE WAR: A GRENADE IN FLIGHT AT THE MOMENT OF LEAVING THE RIFLE (ON THE LEFT).

A rifle-grenade is attached to a rod, which fits into the barrel, and is propelled by an ordinary small-arm cartridge from which the bullet has been extracted. In this connection we may quote an interesting article on high-explosive projectiles by Professor Vivian Lewes in our issue of July 24 last. "For trench-fighting," he wrote, "the grenade has now again come into use, and the most modern forms (designed by Mr. Marten Hale and adopted by the Government) are, in reality, miniature shells which are fitted on to a rod that can be fired from a rifle or . . . thrown or slung by hand.

The body of the grenade is made of steel or malleable iron so serrated as to break up on explosion into many pieces: it contains a charge of 'T.N.T.' and a tetryl detonator fired on impact by a needle liberated only after the grenade has travelled a certain distance, so as to render premature explosion impossible. The weight of such a grenade is about 23 ounces, and, when fired, its range would be about 300 yards; but, when hand-thrown, not more than 40 or 50; and its flight through the air is steadied when fired by a rod, which for hand-use is replaced by a rope tail.

THE SEA-POWER OF THE UNITED STATES: TORPEDO PRACTICE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. MULLER, JUN. COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



THE UNITED STATES NAVY: II.—FIRING A 7500-YARD TORPEDO FROM THE DESTROYER "O'BRIEN."

We continue here the series (begun in our issue dated January 29) of remarkable photographs illustrating the United States Navy, which, as there mentioned, is likely to be greatly increased according to a new five-year ship-building programme introduced in the recent annual report of the Secretary of the U.S. Navy. He recommends the construction, between 1917 and 1921, of 10 Dreadnoughts, 6 battle-cruisers, 10 scout-cruisers, 50 destroyers, 15 fleet-submarines, 85 coast-submarines, 4 gun-boats, and various auxiliary vessels. Colonel Roosevelt desires to see the United States Navy second only in strength to the British. An important and interesting feature of the new battle-ships,

according to a Central News message from Washington, will be the adoption of means designed to render them torpedo-proof. During the war American naval experts have studied this vital matter very closely. It is said that two new super-Dreadnoughts and two new battle-cruisers that are shortly to be built will be so constructed that a single torpedo cannot sink them, and it is hoped that, by further improvements, later ships may be made entirely torpedo-proof. The U.S. destroyer "O'Brien," on which this photograph was taken, is one of a class of six boats laid down in 1913, armed with four 4-inch and eight 18-inch torpedo-tubes. Her tonnage is 1052; her speed, 29 knots.

THE SEA-POWER OF THE UNITED STATES: A BATTLE-SHIP'S BROADSIDE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. MULLER, JUN. COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



THE UNITED STATES NAVY: III.—TARGET-PRACTICE BY THE DREADNOUGHT "MICHIGAN"—THE BLACK SMOKE AND THE WHITE PUFF OF THE DISCHARGE, ON A GUN BEING FIRED.

The remarkable photograph given on this page shows the American Dreadnought "Michigan" in the act of firing a broadside. It was taken during recent manoeuvres. All in a moment as a gun seems to fire, the camera-action is yet quicker. The great volume of dark smoke seen is the escaping gas of the charge as it has left the gun-muzzle only a fraction of a second before, on the first ignition of the powder. The white puff is made by the powder smoke at the moment of spurting forth just in advance

of the flash of flame at the muzzle. The "Michigan's" guns are of 12 inches calibre, and the powder used is a type of nitro-cellulose specially manufactured at the Government works at Indian Head. The charge for the American 12-inch gun weighs 340 lb., and the projectile, 870 lb. The latter, it is calculated, leaves the muzzle at the rate of 2950 feet in a second, and with force sufficient to penetrate a plate of Krupp steel 25.7 inches thick.

WHERE GENERAL TOWNSHEND HAS BEEN BESIEGED: LIFE IN KUT.

DRAWINGS BY W. B. ROBINSON.



IN THE TOWN ON THE TIGRIS TOWARDS WHICH GENERAL AYLMER HAS BEEN FIGHTING HIS WAY: KUT-EL-AMARA.

The India Office announced on January 31: "Sir Percy Lake has joined General Aylmer's force at Wadi. He reports that the weather continues bad and the whole country is deep in mud, making movements of troops very difficult." An interesting description of Kut-el-Amara after the first entry of the British was given by Sir Mark Sykes. "Kut the day after its occupation," he writes, "was as Kut of the day before, yet with a difference. The Turks had gone and the British had come. The British soldier, the first gentleman in Europe or Asia, and his brother the Sepoy, were in possession. . . . For the last week the Turkish commander had been maintaining his prestige by daily

hangings and shootings. . . . Enter the victors: within half an hour the women were chaffering milk, dates, and sweet limes, the merchants were offering contracts, policemen were patrolling the dirty little streets, a governor was established in an office . . . and, most unbelievable of all, the Arab cultivators were dropping in to complain of a certain horseman who had ridden through a crop of beans, and of a Supply and Transport officer who had parked his belongings in a garden!" In the drawing at the foot, the inscription over the door in the centre is "The British General Supply Store"—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGFIER, SWAIN, ELLIOTT AND FRY, DOWNY, RUSSELL, BULLINGHAM, WESION, RASSANO, AND VANDER



BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE BENJAMIN
HODSON,
Indian Army. Son of the late Colonel
Benjamin Hodson. Died of wounds.



MAJOR N. B. TYRWHITT,
Queen's Westminster Rifles. Served in
South Africa. Mentioned in despatches,
November 30, 1915.



MAJOR (TEMP. LT.-COL.) H. E. R.
BOXER, D.S.O.,
Lincolnshire Regiment. Killed at Hooge.
Despatches and D.S.O.



BRIGADIER-GEN. H. G. FITTON,
C.B., D.S.O.,
A.D.C. to King George. Distinguished
record. D.S.O. won in Dongola Expedition.



MAJOR C. E. SALE,
18th Canadian Infantry Battery. Officially
reported died of wounds received in
action.



LIEUT.-COLONEL J. F. FINNIS,
53rd Sikhs. Son of the late Lieut.-
Colonel Finnis, Indian Army. Died
of wounds.



MAJOR H. W. DUMARESO,
Rifle Brigade. Served in South African
War (despatches, Queen's and King's
medals with clasps).



CAPTAIN M. C. HEENAN,
1st Leinsters. South African War (King's
medal). Son of Mr. Mark Heenan, late
P.W.D. and M.W.D., Punjab.



LIEUT. G. T. BAKER,
The Buffs. Son of Sidney H. Baker,
champion half-miler and Rugby footballer
of the 'eighties.



CAPTAIN W. LESLIE,
R.G.A. Killed in action. Son of Mr.
William Leslie, Fairgirth, Milltimber,
Aberdeenshire.



FLIGHT SUB-LT. C. H. BRINSMEAD,
R.N. A skilful airman. Son of late
Horace E. Brinsmead and of Mrs. Brins-
mead, Norton Road, Wembley.



CAPTAIN A. M. PEARCKES,
West Yorkshire Regiment. Reported
missing; now believed killed in Suvla
Bay operations.



LIEUT. J. B. WHITFIELD,
Royal Engineers. Officially reported killed
in action in France. Son of Mrs. Whitfield,
Stoke-on-Trent.



CAPTAIN A. W. WATERHOUSE,
1st Royal Dragoons. Twice mentioned in
despatches and awarded the Military
Cross.



CAPTAIN R. H. AMES,
Leicestershire Regiment. Son of late
Thomas Ames, of Kilmersden, and
Mrs. Ames, Folkestone.



CAPTAIN A. S. MARSH,
8th Somerset L.L. Was Lecturer and
Demonstrator in the Botany School,
Trinity College, Cambridge.



LIEUT. J. L. MACKINTOSH,
Arab Rifles. Killed in action near Mwele,
East Africa. Son of Mr. R. L. Mackintosh,
Inverness.



LIEUT. C. S. WARD,
R. Warwick Regiment. An old Etonian.
Son of Herbert Ward, Sculptor, and Knight
of the Legion of Honour.



LIEUT. HON. G. J. GOSCHEN,
The Buffs. Heir to Viscount Goschen.
Died of wounds in hospital, Amara.
Aged 22 years.



CAPTAIN F. M. LEIGH-LYE,
Colonial Political Service. Died at Brass.
Son of the late Ven. Archdeacon Leigh-
Ly: and Mrs. Leigh-Lye, Malvern.

THE CAMERA AS WAR CORRESPONDENT: NEWS BY LAND AND SEA.

NO. 1, 4, AND 5 OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS (CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED) SUPPLIED BY C.N.; NO. 2 BY ST. STEPHEN'S BUREAU DRAWING BY CHARLES PEARCE.



YOUNG GREECE AND "MR. ATKINS": GREEK BOYS, COMMANDED BY A BRITISH PRIVATE, FILLING SACKS WITH STONES FOR ROAD-WORK AT SALONIKA.



LIFE AT THE FRONT AS IT IS LIVED WHEN CONDITIONS ARE FAVOURABLE: BRITISH DUG-OUTS IN FRANCE OF THE MORE COMFORTABLE TYPE.



"A NEUTRAL" IN THE MIDST OF THE WATERS: WAR-SHIPS PASSING A LIGHTHOUSE—A TYPE OF BUILDING SAFE FROM ATTACK SO LONG AS IT DOES NOT SIGNAL MILITARY INFORMATION TO PASSING SHIPS.



ABLUTIONARY FACILITIES FOR THE TROOPS AT SALONIKA: A HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE OF GUVESNI USED BY THE BRITISH AS A BATH-HOUSE.

The advent of war has proved a boon in many ways to the working people and tradesmen of Salonika and the district, who have reaped much profit from the presence of the Allied forces. The British have employed an army of Greek labourers, at 4 francs a day each, on road-making, and hundreds of Greek boys earn 1 franc a day for collecting stones for this work. They are in charge of a British private, who manages to make his orders, given in English, understood. He marches them in column formation from place to place, wherever a patch of stones may be found. As regards the artillery at



THE TRANSPORT OF HEAVY ARTILLERY AT SALONIKA: A BRITISH "CATERPILLAR" TRACTOR HAULING A BIG GUN THROUGH THE TOWN.

Salonika, Mr. James Dunn wrote recently, in the "Daily Mail": "At the beginning the Allies had only old guns, but now new and powerful guns, both quick-firers and siege-guns, have arrived."—Of Illustration No. 3 the artist writes, under the heading "A Neutral": "Lighthouses must not signal information of a military nature to passing ships. So long as it preserves this neutral attitude the lighthouse is safe from attack. A moment's reflection will serve to point to the reason; a lighthouse is of assistance to ships of all nations; it is often in a lonely situation and incapable of defence."

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“BLACK & WHITE”
AND **“RED SEAL”**

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PLEASE HELP EMILY." AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

THERE is this good thing to be said of Mr. H. M. Harwood's farce, that it provides Mr. Charles Hawtrey and Miss Gladys Cooper with telling parts and delightful chatter. In so far as the play provides us with duologues for this pair—the one as a rather weather-beaten beau, intent on preserving the girl's reputation, and the other as the most trustful of innocents, who confesses to the most daring follies—why, it gives us fun of the very best quality. The difficulty for the audience comes in when the author thinks it his duty to materialise the lady's follies, and piles complication on complication, merely to show her helplessness trading on other people's helpfulness at no matter what cost to themselves. Most of us would prefer to take so much of this bewildering mechanism for granted: it tires our brains, it renders the heroine less credible. Still, if only that small minority which enjoys puzzles for their own sake will welcome all the involutions of Mr. Harwood's plot, there is enough amusement to be got out of the contrast between the hero's monosyllabic chivalry and Emily's volubility to atone for the breathlessness of the plot; and this has at any rate the merit of giving us moments of Miss Lottie Venne, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Nigel Playfair, and Mr. Frederick Kerr, and of enabling Mr. Hignett to submit a most finished study of a man-servant, ideal in the matter of telephone calls. So we shall all "help Emily" and Mr. Hawtrey.

"TIGER'S CUB." AT THE GARRICK.

When a playwright chooses such a title as "Tiger's Cub" you expect him to live up to it by supplying full-blooded drama. That is just what Mr. George Potter does in his "romance of Alaska": Jack London does not surpass him in brutality of incident, he out-Herods American authors generally in luridness of local colour. Villainy is essential to this sort of play, and Mr. Potter has got a prime villain in his Bill Slark, card-sharp and murderer, who has stolen another man's sweetheart, forced her to marry him, and treats her worse than a dog. Her own father makes a good second to this fiend, for he thrashes the girl with a dog-whip, and roars his way through the story like a lion, if not a "tiger." No wonder the reticent Red Indian, Lone Wolf, who looks on at the drama, rejoices that his blood is not white; the air of mystery his interpreter, Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, lends to him is just the right relief to the ferocity of Mr. Glenney's Bill Slark and the bluster of Mr. Sam Livesey's Tiger. Of course, there is ultimate

salvation for the heroine—whom, by the way, Miss Madge Titheradge makes extremely pathetic and picturesque—and it is her lover, in the gallant person of Mr. Basil Gill, who brings it in a scene which begins with firearms and cards, and ends up with quite an unexpected thrill. Amid

so much blood and thunder you would hardly think there was room for humour, but there is plenty of it, laid on as thick as the vice of the vicious.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" REVIVED.

Such favourite and familiar performances are the Petruchio of Mr. Oscar Asche and the Katharine of Miss Lily Brayton that it is hardly necessary to do much more than chronicle the fact that pleasant memories of them can be renewed just now at the Apollo. Mr. Asche's Petruchio is easily the most virile we have had on the modern stage; and in default of the incomparable—and, alas! dead—Ada Rehan, the Shrew of this re-production has no longer a rival.

"MRS. PRETTY AND THE PREMIER." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

It is an artificial comedy which the colonial author, Mr. A. H. Adams, offers us in "Mrs. Pretty and the Premier"; but it is so brightly written and so brightly acted, it ripples along with such a flow of high spirits and wit, that we should forgive it much, even if, with its unconventional picture of politics in Australia, it did not to some extent disarm criticism, as a sort of appeal for sympathy in stressful times from Dominion to Motherland. Such a jolly little story has it to tell of the way in which one of your masterful rulers of men, and a Labour Premier at that, succumbs to the wiles of a naughty flirt that the flirt has to do a very naughty thing—play a very low-down trick on an Opposition leader in her lover's interest—before you remember how many loose ends there are in the scheme, and how very hackneyed are some of the details. Mrs. Pretty owns an estate which the Premier wants to buy for the State and parcel out; but when that idea has served to secure a droll meeting between man and woman, it is dropped. There is a suggestion of the Opposition leader and his tame journalist lending themselves to blackmail; but it is an election, and the fall of the Premier's majority, which afford the rival his chance. That rival is very, very loosely characterised; at one moment he looks like a knave, at another he sacrifices wealth and a wife to jealousy; at another he lets himself be fooled out of his political revenge. Still, the widow herself is so gay and fascinating in Miss Kyrle Bellew's pretty person; the Premier is given so light a touch, so breezy a humour, by Mr. Bouchier; and the playwright contrives so many ingenious little turns of fun, that future audiences are likely to endorse the first-night verdict, and be grateful for an evening of frank frivolity.



A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT OF THE WAR: AN AUSTRIAN BAGGAGE-COLUMN CROSSING THE RIVER SAVE.

The method of transport by bullock-wagon suggests primitiveness, but our photograph of one of these conveyances crossing the Save shows the fine beasts of burden at their best, plodding along patiently, unknowing that they are taking part in an epoch-making war. The Austrian soldier, too, engaged in this primitive war-work, is entirely "in the picture."

Photograph by C.N.

URODONAL dissolves Uric Acid

10,183 Calculi (Stones) were found in the kidneys of a patient on whom Dr. Cathelin (of Paris) operated!

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Agents in U.S.A.: Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A.

The suffering caused through renal colic must be experienced to be fully realised and if the pain lasts for a long time even the most courageous can scarcely bear it; in fact, many patients have died simply on account of the excruciating pain and the nervous tension it produces. The attacks seldom last more than five or six hours—but to the sufferer the hours seem centuries.

It is quite useless to argue that it is merely a transitory pain that must be endured. No doubt as soon as the stone has dropped into the bladder, after having torn and lacerated the kidneys, the pain subsides, and is followed by a deep feeling of comfort and relief. But this also only lasts until another attack occurs, and in the meantime the mischief is done, for the delicate and fragile canals of the renal filter are bruised and torn, and even sometimes rendered incapable of fulfilling their functions.

If this stoppage of the kidney functions is only temporary, the mischief is not beyond repair, but if the condition of anuria persists and results in uremia (poisoning of the blood through retention of toxic substances) death very soon occurs.

Ordinary therapeutic methods are of no avail in renal colic, beyond allaying the pain by means of narcotics and soporific medicines; it is infinitely preferable to direct all efforts against the initial cause of the mischief.

Renal colic is due to precipitation into the kidneys of uric acid salts, which collect together, forming hard, rugged, sharp concretions whose size varies from that of a grain of finest sand to that of a stone as large as a hen's egg, and larger; the pain caused by the passage of such projectiles through the delicate tissues of the kidneys may be readily imagined.

But whatever may be the shape or size of these calculi, they are almost invariably composed of uric acid and urates, of which the other salts (which are present in smaller quantities) are merely derivatives. Hence, if uric acid is not present in excessive quantity, no sandy deposits or stones can be present either.

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DR. DAURIAN, Paris Faculty.

URODONAL prevents the formation of Calculi (Stones) in the kidneys, which cause nephritic colic, and often necessitate a surgical operation. Kidney troubles are frequently due to the unsuspected presence of small stones and sand, and it is a well-known fact that such bodies are most readily formed in the kidneys of uric acid subjects.

A course of URODONAL should be taken every month, as a preventive—one teaspoonful dissolved in half-a-tumbler of water, thrice daily, between meals for 10 consecutive days.

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THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE

CIVILISATION v. GERMANY.

A Discussion of the Moral Responsibility for the War of 1914,
as Disclosed by the Diplomatic Records of England,
Germany, Russia, France, and Belgium.

BY

JAMES M. BECK, LL.D.,

Late Assistant Attorney-General of the United States.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

FORSTEN SUNDBROM (Härlu, Finland).—Your solution is correct, but the other matter you mention belongs to the publication department of this Journal, to which your letter has been referred.

J WATTS (Deal).—We shall be pleased to publish the problems by the late Mr. Fisher, but we presume they have not appeared elsewhere. As regards your post-card, the figures are very ingenious, but, we fear, have not sufficient interest for the chess-players of to-day.

R E C MARSHALL (On Active Service).—The variation of the French Defence you speak of is quite sound, but it necessarily requires restraint in handling, and must be used with caution. Your solution is correct.

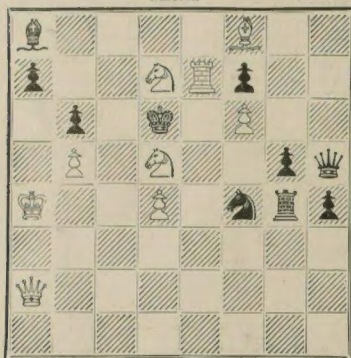
T R G PILLAI (British East Africa).—You need not write to anyone for chess problems to solve, as there are plenty given in the papers in which they appear. The world's tournament you speak of will possibly be held when the world's peace is established—if you know how long that will be.

J PAUL TAYLOR and J AVERER.—Problems to hand.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3722.—BY F. G. TUCKER.

WHITE. BLACK. Any move.
1. Q to R 8th
2. Q, R, or Kt mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 3723.—BY A. M. SPARKE.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3718 received from C A M (Penaug), and F J McCarthy (Burma); of No. 3720 from C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.), H E C Marshall, F Mansur (Quincy, Mass., U.S.A.), and Y Kontinien (Raabe, Finland); of No. 3721 from Forsten Sundbrom (Härlu, Finland), W Hasekamp (Utrecht, Holland), H J B Zanday (Guelph, Canada), J B Camara (Madeira), C Field, and J Orford; of No. 3722 from H P Cole (Tunbridge Wells), H Burgess (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), N S Oakley (Lewisham), J Verrall (Ridmell), Montagu Lubbock, J G Crawford (Enniskillen), J Gilchrist, J Orford, A W McFarlane (Waterford), R Lee

(Manchester), W C D Smith (Northampton), C F Rathbone, J Isaacson (Liverpool), and J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven); of No. 3723 from F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), Fidelitas, J Fowler, J S Forbes (Brighton), Captain Challie (Great Yarmouth), A H Arthur (Bath), H S Brandreth (Penzance), Camille Genoud (Weston-super-Mare), J Isaacson, J P G Pietersen (Kingswinford), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), Blair H Cochrane (Harting), J J Dennis (Gosport), L Chomé La Roque, J Haché (Blackburn), J Smart, and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3724 received from E W Holdbrook (Lewisham), Camille Genoud, A W Hamilton Gell, J S Forbes, A H Arthur, G Stillingfleet Johnson, J Smart, J P G Pietersen, J Haché, L Hindeman (Horsham), H S Brandreth, B Kilner, J C Stackhouse (Torquay), L Chomé La Roque, E J Winter Wood, H Grasset Baldwin, Blair H Cochrane, R Baxter (Chelmsford), and J Potter.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Rice Gambit Tourney, in New York, between Messrs. FREUNDLICH and WINTNER.
(Rice Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. W.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to K Kt 4th
4. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th
5. Kt to K 5th Kt to K B 3rd
6. B to B 4th P to Q 4th
7. P takes P B to Q 3rd
8. Castles B takes Kt
9. R to K sq Q to K 2nd
10. P to B 3rd Kt to R 4th
11. P to Q 4th Kt to Q 2nd
12. B to Kt 5th K to Q sq
13. B takes Kt B takes B
14. R takes B Q takes P
15. Kt to Q 2nd P to B 6th

A weak move which immediately puts the attack into White's hands. Kt to Kt 6th is the correct continuation.

16. Kt takes P Q to Kt 6th

Losing his Queen if the Knight is taken. The game is virtually over for Black.

17. R takes Kt P takes Kt

18. B to Kt 5th K to B sq

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. W.)

19. Q takes P Q takes Q
20. P takes Q B to B 4th
21. B to B 6th R to Kt sq (ch)
22. K to B 2nd B to Kt 3rd
23. R to K 5th K to Q 2nd
24. R to K 7th (ch) K to Q 3rd
25. P to B 4th P to Kt 3rd
26. Q R to K sq P to Kt 4th
27. P to B 5th (ch) K takes P
28. R takes P K to B 5th
29. R takes B (ch) K to Kt 5th
30. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 4th
31. P to B 6th

Threatening mate in two moves.

32. K to R 5th
33. B to K 7th P to Kt 5th
34. R to B 3rd

Mate is now forced whatever Black does. If P takes R, then at once 35. P to Kt 3rd; and if B to K 3rd, 35. R to R 3rd (ch); P takes R, 36. P to Kt 3rd (ch); B takes P, 37. P takes B (mate). White was awarded the special prize for the best-won game on that side.

We regret to learn of the death of an old and esteemed correspondent in the person of Mr. R. Worters, of Canterbury, who passed away a week or two ago. He was one of our best and keenest solvers, and we cannot recall a single instance where he failed in the case of a sound problem. No "cook" escaped his notice; and even where there was no solution at all, he nearly always indicated the flaw in the author's solution.

We have received from Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co., 23, Berners Street, the new edition for 1916 of "The Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack," the sixty-fourth annual issue. The volume, which is indispensable to musicians and those who cater for them, retains its familiar blue paper covers, and is as useful as ever as regards its contents.

A PRESENTATION PICTURE.

THE exchange of remarkably attractive pictures, produced in photogravure, for coupons from bottles of their admirable preparation, has for many years been a

feature of the great business of the "Oxo" manufacturers, and this year pride of place is given to "The British Forces Landing at the Dardanelles, April 1915," by Walter Thomas, which portrays the Navy's glorious part in that remarkable enterprise, and many will like to possess it as a companion to last year's "Oxo" gravure, "The Landing of the British Expeditionary Force in France, August 1914." Two other gravures are offered, "An Interval for Refreshments," a delightful child-study by Alice Beach, and "Good News from Over the Sea," a picture whose appeal in these times will be very wide.



GOOD NEWS FROM OVER THE SEA.

British Expeditionary Force in France, August 1914." Two other gravures are offered, "An Interval for Refreshments," a delightful child-study by Alice Beach, and "Good News from Over the Sea," a picture whose appeal in these times will be very wide.

It was inevitable that a record of last year should be concerned with the war, and "The Year, 1915" (Headley Brothers; 2s. 6d.) forms an admirably comprehensive pictorial chronicle of that all-absorbing subject. The illustrations are well produced, and, with the text, cover practically the whole area of the operations in which the armies of Great Britain and her Allies have been engaged. The illustrations range from clever caricature and grim tragedy to historic portraits, picturesque scenes, and everyday incidents of the great world-struggle; and the volume forms a chronicle of the eventful year interesting, satisfying, and inexpensive. A number of the illustrations originally appeared in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*.

Ladies who are already familiar with the sterling properties of the well-known "Gouraud's Oriental Cream," the valuable beautifying toilet preparation, will be interested to know that the proprietors have issued a series of handsome calendars printed in colours. They are charmingly produced, and if our lady readers send two penny stamps to cover postage, and mention this paper, to Ferd. T. Hopkins and Son, 19, St. Eride St., E.C., two of these handsome calendars will be sent to them, free.



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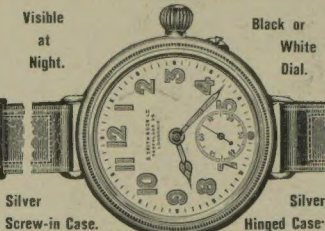
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GET IT AT YOUR CHEMISTS.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap
is now known as the
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Box of Three Tablets, 1/-

**GIVES STRENGTH TO WIN.****Pleasant Reflections**

are those, indeed, which show the lustrous milk-white beauty of a well-kept set of teeth.

The regular use of Calox will keep your teeth in that fine condition. Oxygen is the cleansing agent in Calox, and there is nothing else so purifying, nothing else that removes the causes of dental decay so effectually.

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A Dainty Sample Box of Calox sent Free for a Postcard.

Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists and Stores at 1/3, in non-wasting metal boxes.
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SALE OF ADMIRALTY
MOTOR VEHICLES.

Tenders will be received until NOON on SATURDAY, 19th February, 1916, for the following Motor Vehicles which are to be disposed of by the Admiralty, viz.:

6 Rolls-Royce Touring Cars.

1 " " Chassis, fitted with Lorry Body.

Persons desirous of tendering for all or any of these vehicles should apply for form of tender, containing Conditions of Sale and all particulars, by letter addressed to "Director of Navy Contracts," Park Buildings, Admiralty, S.W. Tenders for one or more of these vehicles will be considered, and offers from private individuals are specially invited.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

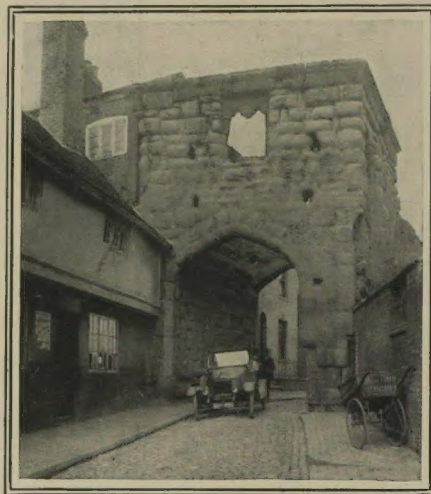
Economise. Letters reach me from time to time from all parts of the world asking, 'What is the best car to buy?' Circumstances alter cases, so naturally the answers are varied, but the best general advice I can give at the present time is to buy cars that are economical to run. It is everyone's bounden duty at the moment to economise, and although motor-cars have long ceased to be luxuries—and I make a special point of this—their users are often extremely wasteful in their running costs. It is always easy to offer criticism on any subject, so, in order to prevent any charge being laid against me, I propose suggesting a few remedies for this waste. In the first place, each car-user should first ask herself or himself—Is the engine giving its maximum mileage per gallon of petrol possible? Personally, I think few do, out of the hands of expert automobile engineers, as I notice engines are left running when short halts are made, instead of being stopped and re-started when the journey is continued. Then carburettors are not as well

increase the capital outlay on the car in order to reduce the running charges.

Speed. There is another item that runs away with the money from the car-owner's pocket—namely, speed. It is very pleasant to open the throttle and let the car out on an open, clear road; yet it is a costly amusement, and has to be curbed in these times. Speed plays havoc with tyres and consumes petrol—two of the great expenses in running the modern motor-carriage; and unless the time saved in these fast bursts is very valuable it does not pay, and the true economy is to start earlier and to drive slower. Motorists have realised for a long time that it pays to use large-size tyres, so I need add but a reminder not to under-tyre any car. Also, the light car doing thirty-six miles or more to the gallon of petrol will loom more prominently before the car-using public than before the war, as, although it seems a bargain to buy one of the four-seated American vehicles for a comparatively small capital outlay, it is by no means a cheap running proposition, and the light car can do the work at a very much less cost. This is a point to be remembered this spring, when the motor-agents are busy pushing their low-priced cars before potential buyers in the British Isles.

Electricians. It seems to me that the owner-driver will have to qualify himself as an electrician in order properly to look after the electrical equipment of the up-to-date car. The magneto has already given him some idea of what an electric generator is, but, with the electric lighting and starting plants fitted upon most cars, no doubt the magneto will disappear in time, as foreshadowed in these columns many months ago. Consequently, the motorist who looks after the car must know sufficient about the electrical plant to keep that in working order, although in practice it does not require a great deal of attention. As for the magneto, I fully believe that, as a great improvement has taken place in the life and lasting qualities of the six-volt batteries now placed on cars, these and the high-tension coil of the earlier days of the past will be the spark-producers of the future. I notice that at a meeting of Agents Section, Ltd., and the Motor Trade Association at Leeds a fortnight ago, it

was decided that electricians should not be allowed to join these bodies as members. Well, as far as the public are concerned, they can please themselves; but it is



A MODERN CAR IN AN ANCIENT CITY: A STANDARD 9.5 CAR IN COVENTRY.

The old city of Coventry, and the ancient gateway which we show, is in interesting contrast to the attractive Standard motor-car standing in its shadow. The gateway is one of the few remaining in the old wall which once surrounded Coventry.

very necessary for all garages to have a competent electrician in their employ, which is not always the case at the present time; consequently, any sensible motorist goes to an electrical engineer if anything is wrong with the dynamo and electrical engine-starting apparatus.

Scares. There is an attempt at scare-raising on account of the prospect of air-raids from the Fokker aeroplane. It may allay undue apprehension if I state that I know we have faster and better aeroplanes in this country as well as at the seat of war. Naturally, one cannot give full particulars, but no one need mind all this talk of 110 miles an hour speed, as several of our own machines can make rings round this pace, as well as carrying better armament. W. W.



WHERE EAST AND WEST MEET: A WOLSELEY CAR NEAR SIMLA.

Quaint and picturesque is this picture of a handsome, up-to-date 16-20-h.p. Wolseley car, on the Kalka Road, near Simla, while opposite is a native cart with a fringed canopy, drawn in old-time fashion. The Wolseley suggests the contrast of Western science and Eastern primitiveness on the road.

tuned up for economical use of the fuel as they might be, and several cars in popular use would be better if another carburettor were fitted. Here, again, it is better slightly to

turn up the spark-producers of the future. I notice that at a meeting of Agents Section, Ltd., and the Motor Trade Association at Leeds a fortnight ago, it

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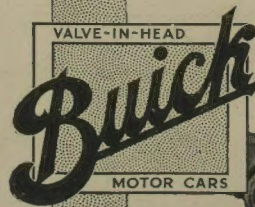
A WARNING

QUANTITY is a more important consideration than price. The Buick has never been the cheapest car in its class; the aim of the manufacturers has been to produce the best Motor-Car investment that can be obtained, and the Buick "Six," with its wonderful valve-in-head motor, can justly be said to fulfil this aspiration. The specification, including Delco self-starter, electric light, vacuum petrol feed, cantilever springs, helical gearing, full floating back axle, &c., &c., is quite extraordinary, and the beautiful running of the car has to be experienced to be believed.

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Buick 5-seater Touring Car.